

OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.]

PARIS, (Maine,) THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1826.

[NO. 106.]

THE REPOSITORY.

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE FEMALE WANDERER.

A TALE—FOUNDED ON FACT.

[Concluded.]

I had gathered what information I wanted, took my leave of her and remeasured my steps back to my lodgings. I was well convinced that what the lady said was too true! Sons of generosity and sympathy! daughters of affection and sensibility! how can I picture to you my feelings at this critical juncture? I was driven from home and did not dare return—I had undergone fatigue and painful lassitude for Edwin, and he had now forsaken me for another. I was some hundred miles from home in a strange place without any one to advise or console me. No kind father to protect me—no tender mother to weep over and caress me—no endearing friend to drop the balm of pity into my afflicted bosom—and no intimate associate, into whose bosom I could pour the secrets which rent my soul. I therefore locked my sorrows in my own breast, and bore my injuries in silence. I arrived at my lodgings about eleven o'clock, and found Edwin absent. I could not now bear the thoughts of making myself known to him, as by that he might be made more unhappy, and I knew not if I should convince him I was in reality Cordelia, but that he would now refuse me a place in his heart. I therefore resolved on starting into the world again, alone and unprotected—for I dared not be in his presence again. I inquired of my hostess when Edwin would return. "I assure you," said she, "he will not leave his Eliza till day-light—he will be a fool to blunder through our miry street before that time." Her speech rushed like a thunder-bolt through my agonized brain, and I burst into tears, which gave a partial relief to my sorrow.

I called, for a candle, paper, pen and ink, and then wrote a letter and addressed it to Edwin, wherein I explained to him my whole deception—what I had suffered for him—how I had become acquainted with his design of marriage, and as I did not wish to give him my unhappiness I had left him forever—that his inquiries after me would be vain, for he could see me no more—"O, perjured Edwin," (said the letter,) "how could you treat your Cordelia thus? Why would you give heed to public or private report, without becoming yourself acquainted with its truth or fallaciousness? You never loved me, or you would not have forsaken me for another, when I have endured so much for you. Sure there is no faith in men—their fair protestations of love, and their mighty oaths of constancy, are no more than wind that waves the tender leaf. They are forgotten and remembered only as a dream. O, how grossly I have been deceived! I thought I had to deal with a man of honor. O hypocrisy, how couldst thou wear so winning a smile! O generosity, where hast thou fled! Has honor entirely forsaken the breast of man? Alas! my Edwin, I can never behold you more. What a dreadful night I have endured! O that I could pour my full heart into your bosom, and receive your sympathizing consolation. I endeavor to calm my perturbed spirits and obtain some composure of mind, at least till day-light, when I have ordered a chaise to conduct me far from this place. You are now in your slumbers, unconscious that you will never behold me again. Almighty FATHER, grant him happiness and length of days, and protect the too credulous female, lest she, like me, be ensnared by his charms, then betrayed by his false tongue." Farewell, cruel Edwin, and you must likewise bid a long farewell to

CORDELIA.

After settling with my hostess, and leaving the above letter for Edwin, I left the house—stepped into the chaise with a sad heart and a solitary countenance. I now for the first time, felt the cruel, heart-rending pains of unreturned love. Every object I beheld raised in my breast a thought of the delights which I could behold no more. The busy, whistling plough-boy added a pang to my grief, and the situation of the beautiful happy maiden, made me more sensibly feel my own. I proceeded on, wrapt in the most melancholy reflections, until we arrived at our place of destination, which was 53 miles from Buffalo. I paid my driver and he returned with a promise of keeping the place of my retreat a secret. It was now evening and a solitary gloom seemed to hang over universal nature. My heart was depressed, no hope, no beam

of comfort irradiated my dark mind—but ice, cold ice, seemed to compose my wretched frame. My distracted, lonesome soul was hurried by a thousand fancies—a thousand projects rushed successively through my brain.—The family at the Inn marked the settled melancholy on my countenance, and seemed to tender their kind services to assuage my woe—but vain were all their efforts—my heart was dead to pleasure. The young people of the neighborhood had collected at the Inn in order to spend the evening in plays, &c. They politely invited me to join them, but I refused, and retired sadly alone to my own chamber, to indulge my grief and brood over my miseries. I then raised my eyes to heaven, and after imploring God to protect the female wanderer, retired to rest.

After passing a sleepless night, I arose and concluded on visiting the city of New-York, as I did not dare to return to my parents—for if I did I knew not whether they would receive me—and if they should I was certain of being covered with bitter reproaches and shame for what I had already done, as I had made my design of going to Buffalo known to my sister.—After breakfast I took stage and proceeded towards New-York, sadly dejected.—It was in the pleasant month of June, and all nature seemed to smile; but smiled not for me—for me it had no attractions, I was insensible and inanimate.

A young lady of 18, used to no uncommon labor, unacquainted with the vicissitudes of the world, still more unacquainted with mankind and their various passions, unbacked in vice, far from home, and among inhospitable strangers, deserted by protecting parents, forsaken by the man for whom I had quit my fond home forever, cast abandoned on the wide theatre of the world, without friends to pity, and almost without money, was the awful situation to which I was reduced.

I had now arrived at New-York where every person I met was an entire stranger. I examined my pocket, and found I had but one half dollar left. What to do I knew not. I could not labor as a man, and had not money to enable me to appear as a woman. To beg I was ashamed, and to steal I certainly could not. I had not money sufficient to procure a day's board, "yet will I bear it," said I, "and whatever may be my fate, I will still act greatly—I will lose my life before I will enter into vice to procure sustenance—although I hunger, yet will I perish freely, before I will overleap the line of rectitude and virtue. O God! (said I,) protect a tender female, who wanders listless without a friend—"temper the wind to the shorn lamb." I now wandered down beside the Hudson, and cast a wishful eye into its waters—I even thought of terminating my miseries in a watery grave. In this despair I needed all the aids of christianity to support me, and these were sufficient.

I now returned to the inn, spent the night, took breakfast in the morning, for which I paid the last cent I had. I had passed the day without eating, and at night took lodging at the inn, without any prospect of paying. The next day I arose and repaired to the streets, in hopes of finding some employment to enable me to pay my landlord, and procure some provisions. With a melancholy heart did I roam through the streets till about two o'clock, when I was met by a rough looking sailor, who showed me a handful of dollars, and said—"there, now sir, I can live again." I inquired how he became so fortunate. "I have just shipped," said he, "on board yonder vessel," pointing to a ship that lay with flying colors at the wharf—"And do they still want men," said I? "O yes," said he, "they will give you 15 dollars a month if you never saw salt water before—I guess you never crossed the line, your hands look too delicate to have handled tarred ropes any length of time." I now repaired on board the ship, whose name was Paragon, where I learned she was bound to New-Orleans, from thence to Liverpool, and then to New-York—a voyage of about eight months. I inquired of the commander if he was in want of hands—he politely answered, "yes, sir," but you look almost too tender to brave old ocean's thunderstorm.—Are you accustomed with maritime life?" I told him I was not. "Well," said he, "we give good seamen 24 dollars a month, and raw hands no more than 14." I told him I would enlist for that, and accordingly signed the ship's papers, while my tears mingled with the ink, and received my month's advance, which enabled me to pay my

landlord and procure me some provisions, which I much needed. After I was refreshed, I began to consider what I had done. I now beheld myself entrapped in horrible servitude. I foresaw a discovery of my sex producing intricate difficulties, and perhaps eventual ruin. I fancied myself surrounded by those blood-hounds of Neptune, who exultingly stripped the clothes from my defenceless body. I could not sustain the picture which my fancy had drawn, and burst into tears. "Yet let me trust in God," said I, with a smile of hope beaming on my countenance, "let me trust in God, for all-tray yet end well. If he has mercy, he may grant mercy too on me."

Next day we went on board the ship and went to work overhauling the rigging, sails, &c. In three days we set sail for New-Orleans, with a favorable wind, and in 23 days arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi. We had a prosperous voyage and I should have passed my time very agreeably, had it not been for a sorrow that incessantly preyed upon my mind. Not the most distant suspicion of my sex was perceptible in any person with whom I conversed. Frequently have I asked in a jocular manner, if they knew who and what I was—their answer was always slight and incongruous. But, alas! this was not my greatest troubles. The dreadful storms of contending passions, the corroding of unreturned love, the bitter reflections of unforgiven misconduct, and the despairing thoughts of a fond home, while far from it, are horrors at which nature shudders, and the calm thinking mind stands aghast.—My perturbation was increased by the thoughts of never again beholding my paternal home, but tossed on the convulsive wave of fortune, until tired nature should dissolve into its cold original existence. A gloomy melancholy was settled on my countenance—I grew weary of life. Repeatedly did I lay my head on my pillow and pray as I was closing my eyes, that I might never open them again. The morning came—I again opened them at the shrill call of the second mate and returned to my former wretchedness. Soaring on the wings of imagination, I sometimes viewed myself returned safely home, where I was met by the fondest of parents, who thought my sin of disobedience, sufficiently atoned for. I saw the time fast approaching, when I should return home and receive their blessing before I died. But still an awful gloom hovered over that which is unexplored, and in which the mind that contemplates it is bewildered in obscurity. We are delighted with the images which fancy forms, and pursue them with alacrity till the mask is thrown off and the delusion no longer charms. Then we are involved in horror, dismay and disappointment.

We had now arrived at New-Orleans, where we moored our ship; for there are neither docks nor wharves at New-Orleans. We tarried here sixteen days, in which time I went with a party of our crew to take a view of the fighting ground of Gen. Jackson. The entrenchment or ditch was still to be seen, although the spring floods had in some measure destroyed it. We sometimes beheld the bones, such as skulls, arms, ribs, legs, &c. of the unfortunate soldiers, which the waters had washed out. The scene was dismal, and offered one of those contemplating warnings, which humbles man and acquaints him with himself. We now returned to the ship.

We sailed, if I remember, on the latter end of August, and in about forty days discovered the blue hills of Ireland. I had forgotten to notice in its place, that I suffered much from sea-sickness: but by the kind attention of the officers I soon recovered. This happened immediately after we set sail. We had good provisions, although it took me some time to get habituated to them. Our labor was not hard, and I really believe, had it not been for that internal sorrow that continually haunted me, I should have been pleased with the adventure. The whistling winds that sighed through the rigging, calmed my thoughts by day, and the rolling foaming billows lulled me in soft slumbers by night. I was often saluted by the rough sailors on the voyage, for looking as they termed it, "so d—d sober." One day I stood over the ship's railing, looking towards my dear loved land of liberty, and while contemplating my former pleasures, dropped a tear to their memory. A sailor happened to notice the tear, and in true nautical style accosted me thus: "Prithee, John, don't be so damn'd cloudy—what signifies snivelling about your sweetheart—

you will shortly bear down helm and anchor in her arms. Why, bother my eyes, I have more than a dozen sweet-hearts, and I am true to every devil of 'em. But thunder strike me if I weep for any of them. It won't be long before I shall square my yard and bare away before some pleasant gale to meet them, and then dy'e see I'll take one in tow for life." I smiled at the simple oratory of the sailor; it was the first smile that sat on my lips since I left Buffalo.

We were now moored in a dock number one in Liverpool, and the next day we entered a dry dock to have our ship new coppered. This day was the first time I ever sat foot in Europe. We had now a leisure time to wander about the city and behold the stupendous works of art. I here bought me a suit of clothes and a watch, they being much cheaper here than in America. We lay here about twenty days, in which time our ship was loaded with crockery and then set sail for New-York. We saw nothing worthy of remark on our passage. It was very cold and severe working the ship when we arrived on the coast, it being in the month of March of 1817, when we arrived at New-York.

I had now been a year from home and eight months from New-York, in which time I had suffered incredible hardships, remorse and despair. But after all I had won a jewel of celestial value—a consolation that mitigates the sorrows of life, softens the rugged road of disappointment, guides the poor penitent to paths of peace, when war tempestuous lowers and threatens the captive with instant destruction—a balm which heals the sting of the foul monster death, and is a passport to life everlasting. It was Religion—and that Religion which is not to be obtained by church formalities or show of grace, but by fervent and unceasing prayer. It had preserved me on the mighty deep, midst howling winds, roaring tempests, dark and stormy nights and the mountainous foaming seas. I was ever calm and serene, when contending elements threatened us with instant death—for storms, tempests, malignant skies, noxious vapors, and all the dread artillery of hell cannot prevail against him who puts his trust in his Maker.

My wages had now amounted to 112 dollars, and I received what was now due to me, which was 96 dollars, (having expended some in purchasing my clothes, watch, &c.) After kneeling down and thanking heaven with a fervent heart for my safe return, I went on board the steam-boat and started for Albany. Then I took stage and went to Utica, and from thence to Sangersfield, and stopped at North's tavern. I here took a school and kept it six months. I then engaged another in Brookfield, where I taught three months.—It was in March when my school ended—and I had been two years from home. I now felt a desire stronger than ever of returning, let the consequence be what it would—for I was tired of the wicked deception respecting my sex. I had now about 150 dollars. On the latter end of April I set out on my journey, and travelled through Utica and Johnstown—here I stopped three days to view the handsome village. It is a place of considerable trade and consists of many well built houses. I next arrived at a small village called Pundabunk and tarried at Wetherbee's, if I remember. I observed that the landlord looked at me with a vigilant eye, and though I had been about two years disguised as a male, yet I now trembled for fear of detection. I next stopped at Galway, and put up at John Smith's hotel. Here I tarried a considerable time and became personally acquainted with a number of the inhabitants. My thanks are due to Mr. Smith for his affable behaviour towards me. He is certainly a pattern of virtue, piety and patriotism.—I now concluded I had gratified my own curiosity in remarks on the country, and therefore resolved to lose no time in getting ready to start for my own peaceable abode. My heart beat lightly at the thoughts of once more visiting the place where I had received the earliest engraving of education and happiness.

I had not heard from home since my absence, nor had I received the least intelligence from Edwin since I left Buffalo. It was now in June, 1818. After employing me a carriage to take me to the town of Agadnacas, I began my journey with a merry heart. The season alone was calculated to inspire me with pleasure and gladness. While the swift wheeled carriage rolled along between the vine covered hills, I contemplated the beauties of nature which surround-

ed me. The lowing kine, the playful bleating lamb, the prancing, frolicsome colt, and the light-heeled, active calf, tended to inspire me with those delightful sensations which are beyond description. The noisy waterfall lulled me into soothing raptures, the tuneful bird awakened in my own breast the song of gratitude, while the shrill voice of the ploughman was music in my ears.—They all declared to me that an immortal omniscience upholds the world, and that a celestial arm has placed them there. At night when darkness covered these scenes from my view, I contemplated the delightful days of my innocence, when I was fondly caressed by doting parents. I painted on my imagination all that I once admired. My soul was full of energy. I tasted a sanative balm for a wounded mind. I was absorbed by the delightful thoughts of once more visiting those delightful scenes of my youth when innocent mirth surrounded me: and still a secret something seemed to bid me prepare for some unhappy event. That my father would never receive me, or else—I knew not what. Alas! how ready we are to place ideal terrors in our foot-paths.

We had now arrived at the old tavern about two miles distant from my father's house. I now paid my driver and he returned to Galway. In what way to make myself known to my parents I knew not. At length I concluded to furnish myself with a female garb, and early in the morning while it was yet dark, to dress myself therewith, and to leave the tavern with a surlout thrown over my shoulders. I had scarcely finished this plan when a man entered the room. I recognised him—it was a farmer's hired man, who lived near by my father. I perceived by his conversation that he knew me not. I therefore asked some questions of him concerning my father. "Does Mr. Krats live at his old place," said I, "and is he and his wife enjoying good health?" "O sir," said the fellow, with a careless air of indifference, "Mr. Krats has run aground at last, as the saying is.—He cheated and swindled until he perceived his property running from him like a snake from a tiger, and so he thought he would catch what he could of it in his belly, by swallowing the rich mugs of flip. He is now drained, as the saying is. His wife led the old devil into so many scrapes that now they have not a cent to save their wretched souls from hell. They are paid for their capers with one Edwin, but Edwin worked them at last. The farm was set up at vendue, and Edwin bid it off and paid for it down in hard dollars. Every body was glad on't, for Edwin was a clever soul, and some say he is waiting for Mr. Krats's daughter, the pretty Cordelia, to come back, as the saying is.—She was a down-right good gal—but I guess she is dead enough by this time, for she has been gone so—" "Is not Edwin married," interrupted I? "No, no," said he, "I tell you he is waiting for Cordelia." He now starting up, ran to join his fellow workmen, who were just passing by. After having revolved the matter within myself, I sat down and wrote the following letter to Edwin—for my love for him was still pure and unshaken:

"DEAR EDWIN—Shall I once more become a supplicant to you, and beg that friendship I am no longer heir to—not by any fault of my own! No, Edwin, you are too well convinced my love for you was that of a sister for a brother. But either by the cruel results of my parents towards you, or by a false heart you deserted me in that trying moment when I had no one to help me or be my protector. When I discovered your design of marrying, I flew from you to reap comfort in a world where I have endured incredible hardships. I have returned and am now at the tavern of E—, come there and you will learn more. You must not fail coming. I urge it as a duty incumbent upon you. It is the last request of your wretched

CORDELIA." I sealed and sent this letter by a lad I had employed for that purpose. And now what anxiety, what perplexity was I involved in! I began to suspect that this was not Edwin, or if it was he must be married to Eliza—and the thought of his being married and possessing my father's farm, was very disagreeable. I regretted the loss of my youthful seat, the sweet nourisher of my infancy, and was confident that had I arrived at Buffalo sooner, I should have been the happy wife of Edwin.

Filled with these corroding reflections I burst into tears,—when I heard swift footsteps without, and in an instant a man richly dressed entered the room.

It was Edwin. He, after gazing at me a moment exclaimed, "it is Cordelia," and then caught me in his arms. "Mine thou art, O Cordelia," said he, "mine forever." It was all he could utter—the words died on his lips—tears gushed into his brilliant eyes as he pressed me to his melting bosom—tears flowed down my cheeks on meeting again one whom I never expected to see in this world. In our delirium of happiness we both forgot for a while even that we were mortals. Sage philosophers! in vain do you assure us that happiness like this is all a hypothesis—mere delusion! Experimental knowledge forbids. After the conflict of passion subsided, Edwin informed me that after receiving my letter at Buffalo, wherein he learned I was not married, he immediately left his Eliza in pursuit of me—but his search was unsuccessful, as he heard not from me. He then came back to Agadnacas, where by craft he discovered that the letter which he received at Buffalo, concerning my marriage was written by my sister Emma according to the instructions of my mother—that my father by some unwise steps and fraudulent undertakings had spent his estate; that the property being set up at public vendue, he had hidden it off, having been very successful in trade for two years past, and by the assistance of friends, he had been enabled to pay for the farm on the day of vendue, which was about a month previous to my arrival—that when I first started from home my father had made no inquiry after me, thinking I was going to an uncle of mine about one hundred miles distant—that after finding that I had not been there, and hearing nothing from me he had given me up for dead—that they had often begged his pardon for the unhappiness they had caused him—that my brother Henry had married the amiable Miss Maria, and lived a happy life, being very prosperous. We spent about two hours at the tavern, and then walked together to his house, which was now empty. We entered and I was filled with sudden emotions on beholding again the lofty building that once contained all my earthly happiness.

Edwin now left me to go to my father's to bring me clothes. Meanwhile I rumaged every room in the house. It was now desolate and lonesome. Whenever I beheld some marks of my youth, I would stop and drop a tear to their memory.—Edwin now returned, and for the first time in two years and four months, I dressed myself in a female garb—satisfied with a convincing proof that a woman may at any time pass disguised in male habiliments before the most penetrating eyes—and I have now satisfactory reasons that there are at this time many women travelling the country in the semblance of a male. I scarcely knew how to act. Being dressed in cambric I felt the lightness of a feather. Soon after Henry entered. He was overjoyed on beholding me again dressed as a female. We now started together and travelled to my parents and found them in tears. Suffice it to say, they asked my forgiveness, and I readily granted it. We now returned to the house of Edwin, where our clergyman entered and joined our hands forever.—My sorrows were now at an end. My melancholy day was gone and succeeded by joy unspeakable. Happy in the company of a man I love, my sorrows are all forgotten. My sleep is only interrupted by visions of the past. Sometimes I fancy in my dreams that I hear the call of "all hands on deck," from the second mate, which suddenly awakens me, and then the vision flees away. Two years and four months I have been from home, in which time I am well assured there has not been the most distant thoughts of my sex by any one. In my vagrant wanderings, I have become thoroughly acquainted with mankind and their various passions.

FOREIGN.

Paris papers to the 25th of May, have been received at New-York.

These papers do not furnish any thing additional respecting the Greeks. Some confirmatory statements are given, relative to the Fall of Missolonghi.

We observe with pleasure that subscriptions continued to be made; various parts of France for the benefit of the Greeks. A lodge of Free Masons at Namur had agreed not to celebrate the anniversary of the festival of St. John, and to apply the money intended for that object for the relief of the Greeks.

A Paris paper of the 22d has the following paragraph:—A new misfortune seems to have fallen on the Greeks. Many letters assure us, that Canaris, who has enrolled his name with the noblest of antiquity, perished in the waves before Missolonghi, with the fire-ship he commanded. According to the accounts, of which we still wish to doubt, the last moments of this hero were about to be signalized by fresh success against the Turks, when a red-hot bullet caused his vessel to blow up.

It is said, that France and England, without taking any part in the deliberations of the Congress at Panama, will, at all events, send agents to watch their movements.

They write from Vienna, under date of the 17th May, that the Ottoman Porte has fully acceded to all the stipulations in the ultimatum of the Emperor Nicholas. The Turkish cabinet had already designated two plenipotentiaries to proceed to the frontier, had restored the hostages to liberty, and had given immediate orders for the evacuation of Wallachia and Moldavia.

It should be added, that a commercial letter from Odessa, received yesterday in Paris, relates, that the Janissaries, on being informed of the pacific purposes of the Divan, evinced their dissatisfaction in the most violent manner, declaring their intention to depose the Sultan, and proclaim his son.

There is one incident in the battle of the 6th of April, at Missolonghi, worthy of particular notice. While the commanders were arranging the troops in situations where their services would be most effective, the women of the besieged fortress advanced, bearing the arms of their wounded husbands, brothers, and friends, and singing the death song of the immortal Marco Botzaris. They requested permission to fight in the places of their husbands and kinsmen, which was reluctantly yielded to their tears and repeated entreaties. A portion of the ramparts was allotted to them, and from no quarter was the deadly volley more uninterrupted than from that defended by this valiant band of heroines.

N. Y. Times.

DOMESTIC.

At the Canal Celebration in New-York, last Autumn, medals were ordered by the Corporation to commemorate the event. It was decided with great propriety, that a golden one should be sent to each of the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence. This has been done, as from the annexed correspondence will be seen.

Letter from the Committee.

New-York, April 23, 1826.
Sir—The Corporation of the City of New-York have caused medals to be struck to commemorate the completion of the Erie Canal which unites the great lakes with the Atlantic Ocean.

The Corporation, influenced by a deep and profound respect for those distinguished and patriotic citizens who affixed their names to the Declaration of Independence, and pledged its support, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," have instructed us, as a committee, to prepare medals of gold of the highest class, and present, in behalf of the city of New-York, one to each of the three surviving signers of that great state paper.

In obedience to the order of the Common Council, and in behalf of the city, we have the honor to transmit to you, Sir, a Medal of gold of the highest class.

It affords us the greatest satisfaction to make this communication. We accompany the medal with a box made of maple brought from Lake Erie in the first canal boat, the Seneca Chief.

A memoir on the New-York Canals will be transmitted to you hereafter.

With the utmost respect,

We subscribe ourselves your ob't serv'ts,
R. RIKER,
JOHN AGNEW,
THOMAS BOLTON.

Copies of the above were sent to Mr. Carroll, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson.

From Mr. Carroll.

BALTIMORE, May 9, 1826.
Gentlemen—I was this day highly gratified by your letter of the 28th past and the delivery of the gold medal, of the highest class, commemorating the completion of the Erie Canal, uniting the great western lakes with the Atlantic Ocean, which, as a committee of the Corporation of the city of New-York, you were instructed to deliver to me, being one of the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, of these United States.

I am much honored by this testimony of respect, paid to me by the order of the Common Council of the city of New-York, for the part I took in signing that important paper.

The completion of the great work, uniting the western lakes with the ocean, does honor to the State of New-York. May the benefits resulting from the undertaking amply reward the wise and patriotic exertions of the citizens, and perpetuate to the city of New-York its growing prosperity.

Accept, gentlemen, my thanks for your letter, and the satisfaction you have expressed in conveying to me this testimony of public respect.

I remain with great respect,

Gentlemen, your most humble serv't,
CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton.

P. S. I have also received the medal, enclosed in a box made of maple from Lake Erie. The memoir of the Canals of New-York, when printed, I request the favor of you to forward to me; it will be a most interesting and instructing communication.

CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton.
R. Riker, John Agnew, Thos. Bolton, Esqrs.

From Mr. Adams.

Quincy, May 24, 1826.

Gentlemen: I have received your polite letter of the 28th, with the splendid testimonial of the benevolence of the city of New-York, in a gold medal and silver one, in commemoration of the great Canal in New-York, which is the pride and wonder of the age, and deserves to be commemorated by every effort of art. I rejoice that the city of New-York has taken the lead in striking medals on important events. The Hollanders have a history of their country engraved on gold and silver medals; and it is the most permanent history of any. My gratitude to the city of New-York cannot be expressed in words. I pray you, gentlemen, to accept my thanks for the polite and obliging manner in which you have presented this splendid token to me.

I am your friend and humble servant,
JOHN ADAMS.

From Mr. Jefferson.

Messrs. Riker, Agnew, and Bolton, a committee of the corporation of New-York.

I receive, gentlemen, with great thankfulness, the medals you have been pleased to send me, commemorative of the completion of the Erie Canal. This great work will immortalize the present authorities of New-York; will bless their descendants with wealth and prosperity; and prove to mankind the superior wisdom of employing the resources of industry in improvement rather than of

destruction. The surviving signers of the charter of our independence, to whom you are pleased to send monuments of this great achievement, have the satisfaction of seeing in the man additional manifestation of the blessings resulting from the measures of which they were to embark their country. As an humble individual of that body, accept my thanks for this mark of attention, which I tender respectfully to the corporation of the city of New-York, and to yourselves particularly, the organs of their communication, by your letter of April 28th, just now received, with the assurance of my highest consideration.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Monticello, June 8th, 1826.

Mr. JEFFERSON. Meetings and subscriptions for the relief of this venerable citizen are multiplying with great rapidity. A meeting was held at Lynchburg (Va.) on the 20th ult. (the Mayor in the chair) at which resolutions were adopted, limiting the subscriptions to \$5 each, and authorizing committees to collect them. A similar meeting has been held in Norfolk Co. others in Norfolk Borough, in Fairfax, St. Stephen, (S. C.) and in the upper districts of South Carolina.

Boston Statesman.

DINNER TO MR. MONROE. On the 23d ult. a dinner was given to Mr. Monroe at Richmond, (Va.) free of all political parties and without any political complexion. Major J. Gibbon, a Revolutionary officer, presided, and after some patriotic toasts, health and happiness were drunk to the venerated guest, to which he replied, after returning thanks in a few words for the kindness shown him, by offering as a toast, "Prosperity to the city of Richmond."

Id.

New-York, June 27.

TRIAL FOR MURDER. On the 23d inst. came on the trial of Nathan Gilbert, painter, of Troy, for the murder of his wife Maria, on the 30th April, as stated in the papers at that time. He is 30 years of age, and appeared extremely weak and emaciated. Mr. Maxwell, the District Attorney, conducted the prosecution, and Messrs. Price and McEwen were counsel for the prisoner. Numerous witnesses were examined. By the testimony, it appeared, that the deceased's wife was an abandoned woman, that she left her husband at Troy, took lodgings at a house of bad fame, in New-York, and was frequently seen sitting on the knees hugging and kissing the inmates of the house.—That the prisoner followed her to New-York, and having ascertained her conduct, purchased a sharp knife, used in killing hogs, sharpened it, and went to the house where his wife was, opened the door, and seeing his wife caressing with a man, retired to the adjoining room, called her out, and from circumstances which transpired, must have stabbed her to the heart, and occasioned her death. The scream she uttered occasioned persons to rush into the room, where the wife was found dead, and the knife lying on the floor.—On being seized, the prisoner exclaimed, "I have killed her, and am willing to die and go to h—ll for it." He made no resistance, and was committed. Witnesses examined in the defence, swore, that he had for some months given indications of having a disordered mind, and that about six months since he was injured in the head by the falling of a painter's pot of paint on it; that he had been reported to be a sober man; and appeared to be greatly attached to his wife.—That he had frequently been found crying on the day the deed was done, and been heard to implore his wife to quit her residence and return home with him. The charge of the Judge, Edwards, was able and impartial, and he informed the jury, that their verdict must be that of Guilty or Not Guilty. After being out an hour, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Desha, the famous Kentucky murderer, was to have another trial during the last month. It is said in an Ohio paper, that Mr. E. Ball, one of the principal witnesses for the commonwealth against him, was drowned on the 9th ult.

FIRE. We learn by a gentleman from Lowell, that the "Old Saffnet Factory," so called, was entirely destroyed by fire this morning, together with about \$10,000 amount of Machinery. The fire was first discovered about 2 o'clock, between the first and second story. No fire had been made in the building for some time previous.—Best. Eve. Gaz.

The following communication appeared lately in the Democratic Press: It appears that Edward Thompson does not owe the Government of the U. States, so much money as was reported. It now seems pretty well settled by the Certificates of the Deputy Collector, that the whole debt is less than a million of dollars—say nine hundred and ten thousand two hundred and forty-seven dollars sixty cents. One item in this, and a pretty heavy one it is, is four hundred and thirty seven thousand nine hundred and sixteen dollars seventy-five cents, duties on teas which would have been in store remained unbound. This extensive and unequalled fraud has been successfully practised, and individuals have been involved in ruin by its operations—yet no officer of the Government has been punished or removed! They are all as snug in their births as if they had been vigilant and faithful, and never had caused to the country the loss of one cent.

BREAD STUFF.—As an instance of the low price of bread stuff at present in New-Orleans, says the Louisiana Advertiser, we can state that one of the sturdy sons of the west applied to the master of a steam-boat loading at the Levee to transport a quantity of flour hence for Louisville, for which he agreed to pay \$1.75 per barrel. He said his flour was of good quality, and as sweet as it ever was—that he started from Ohio with it in February, in a flat boat—that he could not now obtain \$2 per barrel in New-Orleans, and that he really believed he would save money by taking it back to Louisville and selling it there, which he intended to do. We believe the article of flour has never been at lower price in the city than it is at the present time.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American declares that there is at present a large spot on the disc of the sun near the western verge, which may be seen very plainly by a telescope of moderate power, the length of which he reckons to be about one-thirtieth of the sun's diameter.

THE OBSERVER.

Paris:

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1826.

THE JUBILEE.

The numerous papers we receive are filled with accounts of the celebration of the Fourth of July. To give even an abstract of them would occupy more of our paper than could well be spared, and would afford to our readers little of amusement or instruction. The event appears to have been commemorated with more than usual pomp and parade throughout the whole Union. If among the numerous toasts, or, as they are sometimes improperly called, sentiments, uttered on the occasion we shall discover any worthy of particular notice we shall not fail to give them an insertion. Yet when we reflect how quietly the occasion has been suffered to pass, by our fellow citizens of this County, that one went to his farm and another to his merchandise, that the voice of joy and revelry was not heard in our streets, nor the echoes of the cannon among our hills, we must suppose that they can feel little interest in what has been done elsewhere. However commendable it may be as a general rule, to attend to the affairs of our own household, we cannot altogether approve the apathy and indifference of those, who on such an occasion could neglect the assembling of themselves together. For ourselves we view the commemoration of so joyous an event as the birth-day of our civil and religious freedom, to be, not only innocent, but laudable, not merely an amusement to be tolerated, but a duty to be enjoined. We should be unwilling to have it thought that we feel less deeply than others the blessings we enjoy, why then should we be less loud or public in our expression of these feelings?

SEASONABLE MOVEMENTS. The citizens of Boston and its vicinity, who are disposed to support Andrew Jackson for the next presidency, have been invited to meet on business of importance.

The Lexington sloop of war, a fine vessel lately launched at New-York, and placed under the command of Capt. Shubrick, has been sent to protect our fishermen on the eastern coasts. The report of the recent seizure of a Portsmouth vessel by the Dotterel proves to be unfounded.

The regular Communication of Oxford Lodge will take place this afternoon. The Brethren are requested to attend as there is special business before the Lodge.

We have been requested to give notice that the Rev. GEORGE BATES will preach at the Universalist Meeting-House, in Norway, on the fourth Sabbath in this month (the 23d.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Vox Populi" has been received, and will appear in our next.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. BARTON.—As there is now a vacancy in the office of Representative to Congress in the Oxford Congressional District, I would suggest a rule of conduct for the management of your paper in relation to Candidates for that office, viz: Open your columns in favor of no one who is not and does not become a subscriber to the Oxford Observer, before the electioneering campaign is over.—You may suppose that this rule is intended for your benefit. But you must recollect there are at least forty Candidates, men well qualified for that office, unless they are egregiously mistaken, and you must know, Sir, that as I am a candidate and a subscriber too, and as my rule would strike off perhaps twenty of that number, I should stand twice as good a chance to be elected by enforcing the rule. Besides I have an eye to public convenience. It is truly a puzzling business to dispose of forty great characters of equal pretensions and a very ungrateful task to boot; and you perceive that my rule has the merit of great utility, as it would do half the work for the public, and save them a great deal of heart burning, odium, and invidious discrimination. SANCIO.

[We heartily concur in the suggestion of our correspondent, and trust that there is no one among those to whom he alludes, who will not immediately become a Subscriber, if he is not already such, and use his best endeavors to promote the circulation of our Paper among his friends, and those to whom his influence may extend. A regard to their own interest should induce them to do so, since the more extensively their praise and recommendation is circulated, the more favorable will be their chance of success. Ed.]

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE LATE PRESIDENT ADAMS.

The impressive and interesting event of the decease of one of the earliest and ablest champions of our revolution cannot but produce a pang in the heart of every patriotic citizen, whatever may be his party or his principles. We could not learn without pain nor can we announce without the deepest regret the fact brought to us by the last mail with melancholy authentication of correctness that the late President ADAMS has ended a life of more than ninety years of distinguished usefulness. He is parted with even more reluctantly, because he has never suffered the torpor of old age to act upon his power of recollection and his patriotic ardor, and has permitted no long interval to pass without delighting the present age by his anecdotes and reflections concerning the past. Occasionally we have seen the light of his mind beaming on the passing scene and all have learned to love and venerate the man, who had borne so high honors, who possessed such distinguished dignity and wisdom, and who, having retired from the political theatre, seemed to speak to us, as a being of another world. This conspicuous statesman who was as much the cause of the declaration of independence and as ably its advocate as any other man in the country, at least I believe that Mr. JEFFERSON, who was a good judge, has said so, died on the fiftieth anniversary of that memorable event. I will not use the nonsense which others will wish to appropriate of imagining poetically a providential association of facts or any mysterious and supreme arrangement with design to connect the death of a patriot with the birth of a nation; but there is an association of thought which is truly worthy of remark. It is said that the last word of the old President were uttered when he heard the firing of the cannon on the 4th of July and that they contained the expression of his feeling, the dying testimonial of his belief, that the occasion was great and glorious. Who would not yield all his prejudice, cast off his enmity, and throw under feet all his party spirit, which could unfavorably affect the aged sage, who died rejoicing in the emancipation of his country. It must in fact be confessed by all that no rust or tarnish ever rested on his feelings of a national character. At least in his last years they were illustrated by all the brightness and fervor of the revolutionary period in our history.—His love of liberty, however, needed not his dying attestation. The sentences most heavy laden with the best feeling and most precious thought, perhaps ever produced on the occasion, are found in his letter of July 5th, '76, announcing the declaration of American Independence and his prophetic views of its consequences to the nation and to mankind.

Critical discussion or a cold and deliberate examination of Mr. ADAMS' temper and of his public life would be on this occasion unbecomingly and offensive. The death of a man who has always been the boast of his country and whose name will forever be resplendent on the pages of its history naturally excites the sympathies of all men, and prohibits the exercise of reasoning. Yet there is so close an association of ideas between the agent and the action, the means and the end, that the shock that strikes heaviest on the heart often operates at last only to excite the understanding to reflection on the character and consequences of the event. I in this way account for the train of thought which at last has led me to pass from the melancholy consideration of the death of Mr. ADAMS to the memorable acts of his long and useful life.

Beginning with his first displays we find an example, to which original talent must ever refer for its encouragement, an example of a great man struck out of the common mass by the common demand for energy and ability. With principles and talents which the times required, he embarked his fate in the cause of the people and advanced as a pioneer in the way of extreme difficulty and imminent danger. Those who so adventure deserve to succeed as he did. To defy death in aiming at a people's welfare is of itself to deserve immortal fame.

Mr. ADAMS, our late President, was at first a schoolmaster. Among the early institutions by which Massachusetts was primarily instrumental in laying the foundations of our national independence was that, now of the duration of more than two centuries, of public grammar schools. Even in his decline of life, after having enjoyed rank more than royally honorable, ADAMS, with a true republican feeling, boasted that he had from 55 to 58, under the wise legislation of the Commonwealth to which I have adverted, been the instructor of a school. I mention the fact not from the importance of it to his fame, but as furnishing an instructive lesson to the age. It would be easy to show that this task of education, whether delightful or not, is most of all calculated to form the temper and the mind to the best and highest duties of human life.

There is not here sufficient room in which to trace Mr. ADAMS through the long and arduous duties of his public life. The many offices he has filled,

the important influence in short the connections and the operations call out a train of recollections which would fill a review of facts well pursued. It was not in reference to Mr. ADAMS acted on or represented abroad of his country. I with matters of vast importance as millions of beings made are his best men of New-England and highly venerated in father and ablest advocate and

The upward progress from the schoolmaster Worcester to the United States was a long and arduous journey and an acknowledgment silenced envy and admiration. We steps in that glorious stride as a giant, among the diplomatists a primary agent in the Thus far we have pleasure,—thus far prominently useful a lar—and thus far reputation commended tracing the homages the successor of W that fact and in the whole history of p gard to his worth.

This country with its and it never baneful as well as result from comb interests or to maintain the time of the decade Mr. ADAMS was and during the pro tion he stood proud their cause in oppo of foreign usurpation have been subjects of internal de questions of vital public mind. The risked life and fo and who acted in a sorbing contest for erty, after they ha fought for, fell out preservation. The election to the I quently an era o term of his admi tempestuous. Th have become the paper comment, times must be to repetition here. sent, to know that administration was majority of the p left in private life years in ease and Massachusetts.

Mr. ADAMS' relation him inactive cerns or an in passing events. his pen betrayed then existing anim the most disting his unequivocal policy they had p was considered a and joining his st his former oppos must, always be d of duty in the b but it is one of g larly when the s ness is not appar suspicion of a tw ing in a bad causi cates, and that becoming their of opinion, carri ment between su zton, and Pickr sying to their ene their mutual repr at least the occas It was probably collision with su in the decline of downfall of his p election of Mr. sidency, chose a new set of frien that, with most of their theatre of his principles, a policy. On suc adherent is adm on any nice d question whether from attachment regard to his ow public or private

In one particul republicans was a decisiveness t ter, soon after late war, he pro its justice and ne time expressed cation that a me pected for more had so tardily doubtedly since temperament w tary spirit of the excited to the which had then cessful. At thi pic JEFFERSON tating meant to tions, Madison

the important influence he has had, and in short the connection of his movements and the operations of the country call out a train of reflections and involve a review of facts which cannot now be pursued. It was not in few particulars in reference to light concerns that Mr. Adams acted on the public at home or represented abroad the sovereignty of his country. It trusted him often with matters of vast import to succeeding generations as well as to its existing millions of beings. The treaties he has made are his best monument.—The fishermen of New-England will most reverently and highly venerate the name of Adams in father and son as that of their ablest advocate and friend.

The upward progress of Mr. Adams from the schoolmaster of the village of Worcester to the Presidency of the United States was pursued with a power and an acknowledged merit which silenced envy and commanded universal admiration. We cannot now mark his steps in that glorious path, in which he strode as a giant, the first after Franklin among the diplomatists of the nation, and a primary agent in its domestic concerns. Thus far we have followed him with pleasure,—thus far we have seen him eminently useful and universally popular—and thus far we have observed his reputation commanding the love and attracting the homage of all. Adams was the successor of Washington. We know that fact and in knowing it we have the whole history of public sentiment in regard to his worth.

This country was never without parties and it never will be free from the baneful as well as beneficial effects which result from combinations to secure interests or to maintain principles. At the time of the declaration of Independence Mr. Adams was the people's friend, and during the progress of the Revolution he stood prominently forward in their cause in opposition to the claims of foreign usurpation. That great dispute having been terminated, other subjects of internal debate arose, and many questions of vital interest agitated the public mind. The great men who had risked life and fortune for the country and who acted in harmony in the one absorbing contest for the attainment of liberty, after they had won the object they fought for, fell out as to the means of its preservation. The period of Mr. Adams' election to the Presidency was consequently an era of contention and the term of his administration gloomy and tempestuous. The causes of contention have become the trite subject of newspaper comment, and the history of the times must be too familiar to require repetition here. It is sufficient at present, to know that the measures of his administration were not approved by the majority of the people and that being left in private life, he passed his latter years in ease and dignity in Quincy in Massachusetts.

Mr. Adams' retirement did not render him inactive as to our public concerns or an inattentive observer of passing events. The productions of his pen betrayed the fact of prior and then existing animosity against some of the most distinguished federalists, and his unequivocal disapprobation of the policy they had pursued. In short he was considered as abandoning his party and joining his strength to the force of his former opposers. Such a measure must, always be determined by the sense of duty in the individuals concerned; but it is one of great delicacy, particularly when the stamp of disinterestedness is not apparent: for it creates the suspicion of a two-fold fault, that of acting in a bad cause with unworthy associates, and that of a base treachery in becoming their accuser. Differences of opinion, carried to passionate resentment between such men as Adams, Hamilton, and Pickens can only be gratifying to their enemies, who would see in their mutual reproaches if not the proof, at least the occasion of their weakness. It was probably partly owing to this collision with such men that Mr. Adams in the decline of his life and after the downfall of his party, produced by the election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, chose to unite himself with a new set of friends. It is also probable that, with most of those who thus change their theatre of action, he really kept his principles, although he altered his policy. On such occasions a powerful adherent is admitted into service, without any nice discrimination as to the question whether he sustains a cause from attachment to its principles or from regard to his own interests, from motives public or private, general or personal.

In one particular Mr. Adams' aid to the republicans was highly valuable. With a decisiveness belonging to his character, soon after the declaration of the late war, he proclaimed his conviction of its justice and necessity, and at the same time expressed his surprise and gratification that a measure, which he had expected for more than twenty-five years, had so tardily advanced. He was undoubtedly sincere in this avowal. His temperment was ardent and the military spirit of the revolutionary times still excited to the same appeal to arms which had then been so eminently successful. At this period the philanthropic Jefferson was undoubtedly meditating means to allay the passions of nations, Madison was looking anxiously

at the unprepared state of the country, but at the same time repeating timidly the war cry, and Mr. Monroe was faithfully transacting the business of his office. The late President had that firmness, it was sometimes called obstinacy, in his perseverance was deemed to be right or wrong, which would have made him a good war President. The republicans of Massachusetts once wished him to be candidate for the office of Governor of that Commonwealth. How fortunate for his interests and its character, it would have been, if he had been in that office during the war. It may be, perhaps, justly believed that the disposition to which I have referred, led him to favor that policy which principally contributed to render his administration odious, I mean an excessive encouragement of naval armaments and the apparent predilection for a standing army disproportionate to the means and the wants of the country. The succeeding administration reduced the extravagance of our advances in those particulars to the condition of the times, but the question being one of degree, the country has gradually applied its resources to the objects of federal policy.

Mr. Adams' fundamental views as to a Navy, are universally admitted to be correct and it is agreed that however his ardor may have impelled him to a too rapid progress, his wisdom and discernment were apparent throughout. He beautifully expressed his idea, when walking the gun deck of the Independence, where six hundred of our gallant tars were paraded, he exclaimed "These are the Bulwark of our Religion." The expression was the more pithy as containing a sarcasm on one of a distinguished man of Massachusetts.

As to the policy of Mr. Adams and his friends in relation to an Army, the doctrine of Jefferson that we should only maintain the least possible regular force, and rely on the militia in the first moments of war, has not yet been subverted. It stands, however, like many other doctrines of national policy, much better sustained by its excellence, by the consistency and integrity of the support on which it must mainly rest.

The late President Adams may, if my recollection of his works be correct, be said to have been aristocratic in political doctrine; but this should not be said without an accompanying explanation. At the period of the revolution Franklin and other sages and patriots, were predisposed in favor of a single legislative assembly in preference to creating two distinct houses, producing not a balance of power but a division of them and a check on each other. The support of a notion the most deleterious as to the formation and organization of governments ever entertained, a notion the fallacy and danger of which Mr. Adams has completely refuted, drew him out as the champion for its prostration, and called forth his "Defence of the American Constitutions," as he chose to nominate this offspring of his learned labors. I have not recently read the work and must confess that it is not at my hand; but I have perused and reperused it with sorrow and regret, for it proves as may be shown by sufficient authority that Mr. Adams at one period of his life, believed that certain peculiar privileges of a nobility should be granted to a certain class of his countrymen. I condemn him for this in no other sense than as differing from him in his views. He was certainly honest, but he reasoned without the premises presented to his riper years, and which demanded a formal disavowal of the crude opinions formed on his laborious collections.—The doctrine of checks and balances of power was derived by him from various useful examples and particularly admired as exhibited by the British constitution, which laid under much prejudice in this country, but the difficulty was that he was deluded, I may now reverently use this term he was deluded by the idea that rank and wealth must be used to counteract numbers and poverty. He attached too much consequence to property and its incidents. He forgot that principle is in this country secured by that personal interest which results from equality of condition and from education and habit. In fact whenever we talk of the representation of property we should consider not only that possession and fruition but hope and pride, and principle generally creates as strong ties as any to the common welfare. In political concerns here as they are at present in most of the States and as they formerly were in all, there is sufficient security for every man's fidelity in the exercise of that fundamental privilege, the right of suffrage, and if there is danger any where in permitting its universality, there is also reason to fear the consequences of its too great restriction.

In pronouncing not denouncing Mr. Adams as aristocratic in his political theory, I do not mean to throw out an offensive expression. He was in favor of a representation of the people but by what rule did he mean to have that representation governed? By a rule, as I apprehend too rigid as to qualification in the representative and it is certainly true that you are not free if being poor you must choose the rich to represent you, or if without rank you must select an ennobled agent; for whatever restriction on paper you may place before him, he will be prone to leap through it. It would be wrong to present my hasty recollections as the substitute of documents to show what was the theory of government of which the great man whose loss we all mourn entertained. It undoubtedly was derived from a great fund of learning from an extensive circle of relations and a vast variety of considerations. I cannot yield this one commendation that he ever was a democrat. If it be praise to say he was not, those who in this may say a testimonial to the contrary shall be welcome to the assertion and the evidence of its truth. If it be not praise no intelligent reader will call the writer to account for this respectful statement of opinion.

Whatever views we may entertain of the speculative opinions of Mr. Adams cannot but be united by a strong and spontaneous impulse in a common grief at the loss of a man of unspotted purity of life, who was a leading author of our Independence, who was a devoted patriot, and a sage and active politician. His country undoubtedly owes him a vast debt of gratitude, which can now only be paid by veneration of his memory.

His Excellency, Albert Gallatin, Minister to the Court of St. James, lady and daughter, sailed from New-York on Saturday morning 1st inst. in the packet Florida, for Liverpool.

New Hampshire. Gen. Pierce has consented to stand a candidate for Governor of this State.

David Barker, Jr. of Rochester, has been nominated as a candidate for Congress, instead of the Hon. Nehemiah Eastman.

The Legislature have passed a bill recognising the Quamphagan Company; and rejected the bill to incorporate the Somersworth bank. They have granted no bank charters this session.

The late message of Gov. Morrill of New Hampshire, affords nearly the only instance on record, where the executive of a state, has volunteered a personal attack upon any member of the general or state government. The habits of personal crimination to which our public journals have been too much addicted, have been often complained of. A very commendable reform has been gradually making its way in this respect.—The habit can scarcely be improved by passing into the hands of the local executives, or the officers of government, to be drawn into their official publications and the discharge of their official duties.—*Albany Argus.*

The South Carolina (Cheraw) Spectator, of the 16th ult. says: "There never was such a want of Corn since the days that Jacob sent his sons to Egypt for it. We are requested to say that it will sell readily in Cheraw, at one dollar fifty cents the bushel."

Steel Spring Saddles.



WILLIAM BRAGG,
WOULD inform his friends and the public, that he has established himself on Bethel Hill, in the
Saddlery & Harness-Making Business,
where he will accommodate Customers as promptly and as cheap with the various articles which he manufactures, as they can be obtained elsewhere in the country, and which shall be made of good materials, and faithfully wrought—and that he constantly keeps on hand for sale
Gentlemen's Steel Spring Saddles;—Common Saddles;—Harnesses;—Bridles & Halters;—Martingales;—Palises;—Breast Girths;—Holsters;—Cartouch Boxes, with red & black Belts—and Trunks, of different forms and sizes. Bethel, July 3, 1826.—*106

Sullivan Bridge Lottery.
THE very POPULAR SCHEME of the SULLIVAN BRIDGE LOTTERY will be drawn in a few days.
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS are worth having these times;—and this Scheme offers to ADVENTURERS ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE pretty handsome Prizes; and FOUR THOUSAND, each of which will more than pay the cost of a Ticket.
A new supply of Tickets just received which are going rapidly.
Price—Wholes, \$3; Quarters, 67 1/2 cts. July 13.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
Oxford ss. July 12th, 1826.
TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction on Friday the eleventh day of August next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, at the Dwelling-house of JOHN GAMMON, in Hartford, in said County, all the Right in Equity which JOHN GAMMON, of Hartford, Yeoman, has in and to the FARM on which he now lives, in Hartford aforesaid.
HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr. Dep. Sheriff.

WANTED
TO PURCHASE a few pounds of LIVE GEESE FEATHERS.
July 13. ASA BARTON.

G. C. LYFORD,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends in Paris and vicinity, that he now occupies a Store in Middle-street, near the BANK OF PORTLAND, where he has for sale a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of
EUROPEAN, INDIA & AMERICAN Goods.
—AMONG WHICH ARE—
Linen Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS,—Imitation Cambrics and Handkerchiefs,—fine assortment Thread, Bobbinet & Mecklin LACES,—4-4 Bobbinet LACES for Veils,—Black and white Rich LACE VELS,—Gauze VELS,—Black, white & colored Kid & Horsekin GLOVES,—Black & white Silk GLOVES,—Gentlemen's Beaver, Doe, & black Kid GLOVES,—Ladies' black & slate Worsted, and white & slate Cotton Hose,—Pink GING-HAMS,—Gingham GOWN PATTERNS,—Blue & color'd AMERICAN CALICOES,—Fine and common DIMITIES,—A great variety of BRITISH CALICOES from 12 1/2 to 37 1/2 cents per yard,—Fine assortment of COTTON PLATES and FURNITURES from 12 1/2 to 30 cents per yard,—Swiss Muslin HANDKERCHIEFS,—Flag, Bandanna, and Black Silk HANDKERCHIEFS,—White, spotted, check'd, and striped CRAVATS,—Brown and Black LINENS,—Irish LINENS and LONG LAWS,—6-4, 7-4, 8-4, & 9-4 LINEN DAMASKS,—Flaid TABLE CLOTHS,—RUSSIA DIAPERS,—UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS,—Paper and Bonnetic FANS,—SEWING SILKS,—Twist,—Buttons, &c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—
Brown and Bleach'd Common SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS,—Fine and Superfine Sea Island SHIRTINGS,—GINGHAMS, STRIPES and CHECKS,—30 PINGS BEDTICKINGS, from 17 cents to 37 1/2 cents per yard,—First Quality WARP YARNS,—KNITTING & SEWING COTTONS, &c. &c.

—LIKEWISE—
Received this week, One Case more Elegant BOLIVAR & GYPSEY
LEGHORN BONNETS,
which, together with those before on hand, comprise the best assortment of LEGHORNS ever before offered in this town.

N. B.—As nearly all of the above Goods are very recently purchased and very many of them at Auction, they are offered at
EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH.
episbw 104
PORTLAND, JUNE 22, 1825.

LAND FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale LANDS, of excellent quality in the townships of Letter B, and Letter C, in the County of Oxford. Through Letter B, the road passes, which is known as the Coos Road. In this township there is a good Sawmill and a good Gristmill. The land is of superior quality—and will be sold to actual settlers on reasonable terms. Through Letter C, a road was granted the last Session, and will immediately offer to settlers a great accommodation in their access to the township; and in future, a sure convenience in the transport of their produce.

Through both of these townships new roads are to be made this fall, and purchasers of land will have a good opportunity of paying for the same in contracts for a part or the whole of these roads.

The subscriber would further suggest that purchasers of 500 acres, in lots which shall be of average quality of the land, may be selected in either of these townships, on very moderate terms.—And should purchasers sufficient offer to contract for the making of these roads, the subscriber if applied to, will be ready to enter into the necessary contracts. For information of the quality of the lands and terms of settlement, application is to be made to SYLVANUS POOR, Esq. of Andover: and for sales of 500 acre lots, or larger quantity, and for the contracts for the roads, please apply to JOHN MERRICK, Esq. or the subscriber at Hallowell.

CHARLES VAUGHAN.
4th July, 1826. 6w 105

SHERIFF'S SALE.
OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction the fifth day of August next, at two o'clock P. M. at the Store of MOSES MERRILL, Jr. in Hebron, all the right, claim, and title which ISAAC COOMBS, of said Hebron, has to redeem the Real Estate which the said Coombs now occupies, and on a part of which he now lives—and all the Real Estate which the said Coombs conveyed to Nathaniel Dany, Luther Dany, and Levi Cutter, all of Portland, by his Deed of Mortgage, dated October 3d, 1825, and recorded in the Register of Deeds, in and for the County aforesaid—Book 25, Page 507, 508, 509, reference to which being had.
ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Deputy Sheriff.
Hebron, July 8, 1826. 106

JUST RECEIVED,
and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore,
The Controversy between Rev. Abner Kneeland and Rev. W. L. M'Calla, on the Question—"Is the punishment of the wicked eternal?"
Ralfour's Answer to Sabine—
Ballou's Review—
Kneeland's Lectures on Divine Benevolence—
Kneeland's Translation of the New Testament—
The Union betwixt Christ and his Church—
Winchester's Dialogues—
And a variety of Pamphlets in support and vindication of the doctrine of Universal Salvation.—Which will be sold low.—
July 13.

RYE! RYE!!
FOR SALE by the subscriber, a quantity of good RYE—CHEAP.
June 29. ASA BARTON, Agent.

WANTED,
A GOOD MAN with a yoke of OXEN, to assist in Haying,—to begin about the twentieth of the present month, to whom good wages in cash will be paid.
MARY STAPLES.
Paris, July 5. *105

EPAULETTES.
An Elegant Pair of EPAULETTES for sale cheap at the Oxford Bookstore.
July 13.

ASA BARTON, AGENT.
HAS just received, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore—SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE, latest edition; Kneeland's Greek, Greek and English, and English Testaments; Octavo Bibles; Riley's Narrative; History of the United States; Montgomery's Poems; Don Juan; Butler's Reminiscences; Henry Obiskiah; Violin Instructor; Flute Instructor; or New-England Tales; Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; the Foresters; all to be sold low.

Also—Pronouncing Testaments—with a general assortment of BOOKS AND STATIONARY.
July 13.

List of Letters remaining in the Post-Office at Paris, July 1st, 1826.

William Cotton—Isaac Cummings—Timothy Chase—Levi Closson—Ebenzer Daniels—Eliaser Dunham—Eliphalet Davis—James Deering—Elijah Foilly—Richard W. Houghton—John G. Hawkes—Earl W. Hawke—Abijah Hall, 2—Eliza Knight—Joseph Lindsey—Daniel Pond—Joseph Penley—Sally F. Peterson—Henry R. Parsons—Simeon Perkins—Simeon Pond—Nathaniel Russell—Stephen Robinson—Joel Robinson, 2—Daniel Ricker—William Ryerson—Mary Stevens—William C. Witham.
RUSSELL HUBBARD, Postmaster.
105

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—Mexico.
NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-Resident Proprietors and Owners of the following lots of Land in the town of Mexico, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in a Bill committed to me to collect for the year 1825 and also deficiency of Highway Taxes for the year 1824, as follows:

Name.	No. Lot.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Deficiency 1824.
Trask,	1	1	100	500	\$ 3 40
"	2	100	500	3 40	
Virgin,	2	17	2	30	20
Trask,	3	5	60	100	68
Trask,	3	4	50	100	68
Holman,	4	19	40	160	1 03
"	18	100	300	2 04	
Goff,	9	100	200	1 36	
Trask,	6	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	5	88	200	1 36	
Unknown,	5	19	100	300	2 04
Holman,	14	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	10	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	8	100	200	1 36	
Hix,	7	100	200	1 36	
Pierce,	6	17	100	200	1 36
Holman,	13	100	200	1 36	
"	12	100	200	1 36	
Hix,	8	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	7	18	100	200	1 36
Trask,	12	100	200	1 36	
Unknown,	10	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	9	100	200	1 36	
Unknown,	7	50	100	68	
Holman,	8	19	100	200	1 36
Holman,	18	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	16	100	200	1 36	
Hayward,	14	100	200	1 36	
Unknown,	11	100	200	1 36	
"	3	11	100	130	1 95
"	5	11	100	80	1 20
"	7	100	70	1 05	
"	12	100	70	1 05	
"	8	11	100	75	1 13
Hayward,	14	100	75	1 13	
Unknown,	9	100	75	1 13	
"	17	100	95	1 43	
"	5	14	100	180	2 40

Unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before SATURDAY the twenty-first day of October next, so much of said land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the dwelling-house of NATHANIEL GRAVES, in Mexico aforesaid, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of said day.

Collector of Taxes for the town of Mexico, for the year 1825.
JOHN M. EUSTIS.
Mexico, July 4, 1826. 103

THE BOWER.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE MOTHER'S TEARS.

I saw beside the grassy tomb,
A little coffin fair;
And many gazed as if the bloom
Of Eden, withered there.

This little coffin, short and wide,
Received a sigh from all;
For two sweet infants, side by side,
Were shrouded in one pall.

And now the mother at their head,
Like marble stood, with grief,
But every pearly tear she shed,
Then seemed to give relief.

She raised the napkin o'er them spread,
Which hid them from her view;
Then bending o'er the coffin's head,
She gazed a last adieu.

And on their face so cold and fair,
Impressed the last fond kiss;
And often would she then declare—
"No grief was e'er like this!"

"What have I done to anger God?
Oh! tell me now I pray—
Why must I bear His heavy rod,
Or see my infants' clay?"

I saw the aged pastor weep,
When closely standing by;
And long shall memory safely keep
His answer in reply:—

"A Shepherd long had sought in vain,
To call a wandering sheep;
He strove to make its pathway plain,
Through dangers thick and deep.

"But still the wanderer stood aloof—
And still refused to come;
Nor would she ever hear reproof—
Or turn to seek her home.

"At last the gentle shepherd took
Her little lambs from view;
The mother turned with anguish look—
She turned—and followed too!"

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

'Tis sweet companionship to hold,
With childhood in its hour of mirth;
And ne'er be heart of mine so cold
As not to estimate its worth.

'Tis good in lowly life to trace
And pause o'er every sunny spot,
Whose gentle, unobtrusive grace
Adorns the peasant's humble lot.

And, therefore, with a grateful heart,
I gaze upon a group like this,
And freely praise the mimic art
Which bodied forth this scene of bliss.

Dearest to me that humble home,
With verdant foliage mantled o'er,
Than many a rich and stately dome,
With pampered menials at its door.

Lovelier those lowly quadrupeds,
Which stand with patient meekness there,
As if they bow'd their willing heads,
The happy children's sport to share.

More graceful are they in my sight
Than steeds adorned with trappings proud,
Or pannel'd coach, with arms beight,
The marvel of a vulgar crowd.

And more delightful far to me
Than wealth's cold splendor, fashion's noise,
The quiet and contented glee
Of those sweet children's cottage joys.

Loveliest of all, to feel and know
That happiness, denied to none,
Dwells not in outward pomp or show,
But by the poorest may be won.

Go! trace her steps the wide earth round,
And thou shalt own thy travel o'er;
She ne'er in sweeter guise is found
Than at the peasant's cottage door!

THE REFLECTOR.

EARLY REFLECTIONS.

There is a charm in the scenes of early life which time nor absence can banish;—they create impressions as lasting as they are pleasant, and elicit often a smile at their recollection.—Returning from some far distant climate to the home of our childhood after years of absence, how is every feeling aroused in contemplating the places of youthful sports, where in innocent festivity we have gambled, delighted and uninterupted, when care was a stranger to our bosoms. All the gay dreams of infantine days now rush imperceptibly upon our minds. We behold the pebbly brook, which meandered through the fields, still sparkling its little bubbles as silently it winds its course; we behold the rising hill which we have so often clambered for berries and fruit in all the ardour of youthful impatience; we behold our home—our sweet home, with its domains around, and the sight awakens recollections of departed joys that have flown on the wing of Time; we behold youthful companions, now arrived at the years of manhood; and those lovely fair ones that we were once so often used to assist in the juvenile sports, now grown to womanhood, united to objects of their choice, and domesticated in contentment, with smiling cherubs prattling around them. But the change that has taken place however, in friends near and dear, often casts a sadness over the mind and reverses the current of our feelings.—Some intimate and bosom friend, has been called to a distant part. Another, absorbed in the care and bustle of the world, meets you with a cold indifference, and scarce recollects the feelings that once bound him to you. Relatives have been scattered to lands afar off; and the fell destroyer, Time, has almost erased you from their recollection.—Death, the narrow house, has called many to tenant his dwelling. These saddening impressions are often augmented by beholding the reverses of fortune which have taken place among acquaintances; ma-

ny who were once in affluence, and basked in the sunshine of prosperity and happiness, are now in penury and want, wretched and unhappy. Home, sweet home, seems for a moment to lose its charms in thus beholding the numerous changes which have taken place, as it were, but yesterday: for we cannot realize the fleetness with which Time passes, nor the variegated track which marks his rapid flight. We behold things as they were in youth, in measure unmindful that we ourselves have changed also like objects which appear so strangely altered around us. It is the early impressions that alone remain unchanged with us—they are lasting; and when we view the spots that awaken them, we scarce can realize that years have flown away since they were created.

PERFECTION AND HAPPINESS.

We estimate our pains higher than we do our pleasures. The kindness shown us by others is soon forgotten; but when once offended we engrave the offence in everlasting characters upon the tablets of our remembrance. Pain seems to have a closer relation to ourselves than pleasure; the fear of being hurt, is greater than the desire of being pleased. We will use the strongest exertion to extricate ourselves from danger; but a lethargy often prostrates our endeavors after that happiness, which, abstractly considered, would be more than equivalent to the misery we try to avoid. Men pursue a more difficult course to obtain an old debt, and manifest more assiduity to save that which is in danger than they do to increase their stock in trade, and attract the favor of customers.

If men are inclined to complain, they need be at little trouble to find subjects. The blotches of imperfection stigmatize all worldly objects, actions, and intentions. Perfection, in created beings, is but a relative term, the criterion or measure of which is the Author of all things. Things are good or bad as they approach to or recede from this standard; and as long as the creature is beneath the Creator, so long will defectibility exist.

Perfect Happiness is not to be obtained below. Man is a social being and depends on fellow creatures for his happiness. There are not two persons alike in tastes, circumstances and dispositions; we all must know that a conformity in others to the wishes and desires of ourselves is the only source of our pleasure. Now if we discover that in all parts no two persons are alike, and this difference cannot be destroyed we must conclude their unhappiness is commensurate with the life of man.—Our happiness depends on our sociability;—our sociability on our resemblance; and where there is no resemblance, there can be no sociability; and when sociability is destroyed there follows unhappiness.

Such is the desire of fame, that man will commit actions the most derogatory to render himself celebrated. Men have become ferocious to attract the attention of the public. Massacres have been ordered by tyrants for the purpose of perpetuating their names. Deism has been persisted in with the intention of becoming notorious. For the sake of becoming notorious, character folly has had its votaries, absurdity its patrons, vice its advocates, and sin its defenders.

FINE THOUGHTS.

"Finally, whatever may be our thoughts, our words, our writings, or our actions, let them all be subservient to the promotion of science and the prosperity of our country. Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity, and power a pageant—but knowledge is extatic in enjoyment, perennial, unlimited in space and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spares no expense, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, encircles the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, and ascends to the sublime. No place too remote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted for its reach—its seat is the bosom of God, its voice the harmony of the Word. All things in heaven and earth do it homage, the very least as feeling its care, and the greatest as not exempt from its power. Both angels and men, creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring it as the parent of peace and happiness."

CHRISTIANITY.

"Without all doubt, Christianity would have flourished in the world exceedingly, had things been suffered to continue as our Lord and his Apostles left them; and could men but have been contented with the sacred scriptures, as the rule of their faith, and worship and discipline. But alas, it was not long before they, who professed to be the followers of Christ, entertained a fancy, that they could improve his settlement, by alterations, additions and amendments. They were for coining new articles of faith, under pretence of explaining his doctrine; for adding ritual observances, in order to the greater ornament of his worship; and for framing canons, and ecclesiastical regulation in things unnecessary, under pretence of promoting the good of the church."

Stillington.

LATE OMISSIONS.

BANKING. In an article under the head of Scotch system of banking, in the Albany Gazette, it is stated that only two banks have stopped payment in Scotland, during the embarrassments and distresses which have for some time agitated the commercial world, and that both these speedily paid all demands of their creditors.—The following is a sketch of the principles on which their charters are granted, and their modes of doing business. [Bost. Statesman.]

The banking companies of Scotland are composed of numerous individuals, and generally of landed proprietors, whose property "heritable and moveable," which we would term real and personal, is pledged for the payment of the company's debts, and which cannot be affected by any deed or incumbrance, unless duly registered in books at the proper office, open to the public examination. A weekly exchange of notes between all the banks takes place regularly, and the balances are paid in gold or in bills on London. The result is that the dealers at the banks are perfectly well acquainted with the responsibility of the company with which they operate; and the bankers knowing their circulation will be limited to a week's duration, take care not to issue any greater quantity of notes than they can meet, as all balances must then be paid in gold, which bears a premium, or in bills on London which are also above the par value.

One feature of the system is strikingly characteristic, and is found highly advantageous to the people of Scotland. Any individual who gives his banker's security to the amount agreed upon, between the parties by what is termed "a bond and caution," what is there called "a bond and caution," opens a cash account, and is at liberty to draw out or pay in at pleasure, during one year after, any sum or sums of money he chooses within the amount secured to the bank. Thus with a credit for 1000l. he may draw out on an emergency and he being charged less than that amount, he being credited with a percentage less than the rate of interest on that remaining, or from time to time deposited. In this way the laird, the merchant, the farmer or the manufacturer is never in want of facilities. With proper management, he is always ready for an emergency, and it is a fact that promptness and despatch pervade the whole system of debts and credits in Scotland. We remember an instance which the subject recalls to us, where one person having a 500l. credit, in this way, for ten years, received aggregate advances upon it during that time of 115,178 11s. 8d. and only paid interest on the same 11 shillings and 7 pence.

The method there has become one of general use and both bankers and bank customers are warmly attached to it. It is unquestionably one of the easiest and cheapest accommodations practised in any commercial country in the world.

EARLY HARVESTING. The Norristown, (Penn.) Herald says.—We understand that a farmer in Upper Merion township cut some of his rye on Monday, the 12th ult. and that several others intended cutting the latter part of the week. This is the earliest harvesting perhaps ever known in this part of the country. Some farmers say their wheat is better filled than last year; others complain very much. The grass, flax, oats and barley are so short that they are scarcely worth harvesting. Potatoes and corn are suffering very much for want of rain.

The Richmond Compiler of the 13th ult. also remarks, the forward wheat is now cutting in all the lower country. Generally it has escaped all maladies—in some places it has a little rust; in others it has what is called the strutt; that is, the head is not well filled, many of the grains being blasted, and the chaff standing out from each other. In some parts the wheat is very fine; but, on the whole it is not probably a good average crop. The oats are indifferent, being much injured by the drought.

"CONCORD BANK." The notice of the expiration of the charter of the old Concord Bank on the first of July next has been in some cases misunderstood.—There were two banks of that name: one of these (Thompson and Ambrose President, and Kent, Cashier) is continued under a new charter. The other (Walker, President, and Sparhawk, Cashier) will expire on the first of July next. Very few bills of the latter bank remained unredemmed. It is hoped that those few will be returned on or before July 1st, 1826, after which the Corporation will not be liable for the redemption of the bills. The Merrimack County Bank, of which Mr. Sparhawk is Cashier, is a new bank which went into operation on the 1st of September last.

N. H. Patriot of 19th ult.

A CURIOUS SPECTACLE. A few weeks since, a gentleman in this neighborhood noticed a very unusual flight of crows, who seemed to be attracted from all directions to one particular spot on his farm, and an incessant noise and bustle agitated all that arrived. The gentleman took his gun in his hand, and crept towards the spot to ascertain the occasion and to get a shot amongst them.—On getting within view of the centre of attraction, he was amused to find the bustle was occasioned by a battle between a couple of the crows, who, notwithstanding his approach, fought on so obstinately, that they would not separate until the gentleman took hold of them with his hands, and carried the combatants home with him.—*Atl. Rep.*

The London Courier of the 10th May, says, "Private letters from Madrid state that the King of Spain has determined to recognise the independence of the South American States."

AMUSEMENT.

LUDICROUS PUNISHMENT. A few years since, James Malone, Esq. Mayor of Cork, imagining, if he could strip the beggars of the miserable and sickly appearance they generally made, he should divert them of the strongest claim to the charity of the humane, came to the following agreement with one Geoghann, one of the constables, who was by trade a Barber, viz:—He directed the barber to seize all the beggars he found strolling within the limits of the city, for each of whom he promised a reward; but instead of bringing them before him (the Mayor) he was to take them to his shop and there shave, wash, dress, and powder them in the gentlest manner. He seized about half a dozen, and with the assistance of razors, wash ball, scissors, and powder puffs, he so completely metamorphosed them, that those whom he apprehended as mendicants when they left his shop, appeared like macarones, at least about the head. This laughable scheme was attended with such success that the whole tribe (during the Mayor's mayoralty) avoided his jurisdiction as carefully as if it was visited by a pestilence.

From the New-England Galaxy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stopp tew Runnaways.

Hweraz tew yung men naymed Joe Strickland and Sam Strickland have elopped from over bade and bored and gon in two parts unown this is toe kawshun awl parsons what sum ever knot toe trust or arbour the sad runnaways on over akkownt az wee wil knot pa won sent or thare kontraktin it iz feerd sad runnaways hay gon won toe Nue yawk and won toe Boston ware tha air gittin in two bad hab bits sich az plain leaces paw paw gon in toe thea trees air curses byn tikits and sevrul uther at tickles two newmrus toe men shun hoover wil tack up sad runnaways so tha ma be Reed turnd to Varmount toe thare parnaunts shal be hand sum lie rewordid in horn gun phlints woodden knutnaiges and sich lick

At east Sol Simple Sarah M Strickland Squire Mark

note a beance it iz hoppd that awl printarz in nue england and nue yawk wil print the abuv free great hiss and that miss stir bucking gum hoo prints the gall luck see wil tack pa az abuv men shund

Extract of a letter from Ireland.

"I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town—the bags had judiciously been left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers, and they had nothing for the thieves to take. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand."

THE YANKEE OUTWITTED. During the late war, when provisions were at the highest pitch, Monsieur and a Yankee, both residing in a seaport town in Maine, purchased together a fresh hog dressed for cooking.—Some difficulty arising between them as to the manner of dividing it equally, the Yankee thinking to outwit the Frenchman, proposed to cut him across the middle, and then he would turn round while the Frenchman should place his finger on the one part or the other, as he pleased, and say, "who shall have this?" He then should answer, not knowing which part, thus leaving it entirely for chance to decide. But Monsieur, while the Yankee turned his back to decide, dexterously cut off the tail and clapping it in the mouth of the hog, exclaimed, "Who shall have dat got a tail in him?" "I," says the Yankee—"By gar, and you may have 'em," answered Monsieur. The poor Yankee was mortified indeed, when he found himself taken in his own trap; while the Frenchman, shaking his sides with laughter, added more to his vexation by exclaiming, "By gar, sure, dat is trick de Napoleon."

A country boy meeting a Surgeon of the Army in the late war, who had on a pair of pantaloons which were very short, accosted him thus: "Mr., says he, 'if you bought your trousers for breeches you got a good bargain, but if you bought them for pantaloons you got d—dly cheated.'"

A shop-keeper sent to a neighbor to borrow a four pound weight; "I cannot do that," said the neighbor, "but I will lend him a two pound weight twice."

MARRIED.

In Philadelphia, on Thursday evening 11th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Fly, Mr. Thomas Rhodes to Miss Ann, daughter of Mr. M. J. Littleboy, all of that city.

Roads oft are made by men and boys
In various ways and modes—
But this wild freak of fortune has
Changed little boys to Rhoads.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the Claims of the several creditors to the Estate of LEVI BEARCE, Jr. late of Hebron, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice, that six months from the thirtieth day of June instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their Claims, and that we shall attend that service at the Dwelling-House of JAMES DONHAM, in said Hebron, on the first MONDAY of August, October, and November, from one to five o'clock, in the afternoon of each day.

JAMES DONHAM,
BENJAMIN DONHAM,
Hebron, June 27, 1826. *105

ASA BARTON, AGENT.

HAS for sale, in addition to the Goods usually kept by him, COTTON, at 16 cents per pound—SOCIETY TEA, at 62 1/2 cts—COFFEE, at 20 cents—ALLSPICE—PEPPER—CLOVES—NUTMEG—GINGER—CINNAMON—STARCH, &c. all of good quality and cheap.
Also—good RAKEs, at 20 cents July 6.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

PURSUANT to Warrants from ELIAS THOMAS, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed against the following townships of unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Tax, for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five, viz:

Township No. 2, Second Range,	\$ 67
" No. 2, third "	5 35
" No. 4, fourth "	5 67
" No. 2, letter A,	7 26

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House in Paris, on Monday the thirty-first day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WM. C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of Oxford County.
Hebron, June 12, A. D. 1826. 6w 102

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of O. N. W. ROBINSON, in Bethel, in said County, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of July next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right title and interest which LONGLEY ROGERS has by virtue of a lease from ORRIS GROVER, for the term of five years, (one year of which has expired,) in and to a certain BRICK YARD, situated on the Farm of the said GROVER, in said Bethel, with the use of all the Clay on said Farm, and the privilege of ingress and egress, for the purpose of improving and working the same.

SILVANUS TWITCHELL, Dep. Sheriff.
Bethel, June 26th, 1826. 104

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of O. N. W. ROBINSON, in Bethel, in said County, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of July, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right title and interest which GEORGE W. CALTON has in and to redeem fifty acres of LAND, being the south half of the Lot numbered twenty-eight in the third range of lots in said Bethel.—The said land is subject to a mortgage to ORRIS GROVER and JENADIAN GROVER, Jr. for the payment of the principal sum of about twenty-five dollars and the interest thereon for about two years.

SILVANUS TWITCHELL, Dep. Sheriff.
Bethel, June 26th, 1826. 104

Collector's Notice...GREENWOOD.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-Resident Proprietors and Owners of land in the town of Greenwood, lying in the north part of said town, formerly known by the name of Raymond's Grant—and in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the Bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town, to collect for the years 1824 and 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:

Tax total.	Debt, Highways, Tax for 1824.	S. T. and C. Tax for 1825.	Rate for 1825.	No. of Acres.	No. of Ranges.	No. of Lots.
\$	\$	\$	\$			
8 1 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	1 100	53	00
5 4 100 53 00	0 99	0 99	0 99	5 4 100	53	00
11 4 50 20 00	0 34	0 34	0 34	11 4 50	20	00
7 8 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	7 8 100	53	00
2 5 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	2 5 100	53	00
7 5 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	7 5 100	53	00
8 5 80 45 00	0 76	0 76	0 76	8 5 80	45	00
5 6 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	5 6 100	53	00
7 6 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	7 6 100	53	00
2 7 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	2 7 100	53	00
6 8 100 53 00	0 90	0 90	0 90	6 8 100	53	00
12 9 75 38 00	0 64	0 64	0 64	12 9 75	38	00
13 9 68 33 00	0 56	0 56	0 56	13 9 68	33	00
14 9 68 50 00	0 85	0 85	0 85	14 9 68	50	00

The following lots formerly taxed to Capt. Roger Merrill, Unknown,

Gid. Swan,

Greenwood, June 12th, A. D. 1826. 105

NOTICE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform and invite his Customers and the public, that he still calculates to carry on the Cloth Dressing Business at his former Stand, at BISCOE'S FIELDS, so called—and has engaged Samuel Stowell as a workman, whom he has employed for two years past, and is well known amongst his customers to be one of the best Clothiers in the country. He therefore calculates to dress Cloth as cheap as any one in the State—and he warrants to give as good satisfaction.—All damages fully paid.

Business will be despatched at as short notice as possible.
Paris, July 3, 1826. 105

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, about to alter his line of business, requests all those who are indebted to him, either by Note or Account, to make immediate payment, as he is determined to collect what is due him without delay.
HENRY R. PARSONS.
Paris, June 15, 1826. 6w 102

The Observer

Is published every Thursday morning, by ASA BARTON,

(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at \$2 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1/2 per cent. to all who pay cash within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

OX

VOL. III.]

THE REPOSITORY

[From the New-York State CARTER'S LETTER.]

At nine o'clock on the 28th of November, in the Diligence for Paris, one hundred and seventy-two miles from Calais, by the through Abberville and Beuvry, and its equipments like a caravan, destined for the Holy Land, than like the metropolis of France, for the metropolis of France, in all respects amusing. The body is fifty feet long, and divided into apartments, separated from by partitions, which cut in course between the partitions, the one in is before the wheels, is called, formed like the top and sufficiently wide to four persons. Behind the wheels, is the body of the called the interior, fashion tubercles sides, like a star, capacious enough to accommodate passengers. The rear of the wheels, is termed the sembling the body of one and large enough for half sons. In addition to these, there are places for passengers aloft, among the wheels of the vehicle and strong, in proportion to parts, exceeding in clum of the Pennsylvania behind each of them a screw to clear off the mud at and to keep the tire clear.

The team is as odd as it consists of five, six, sometimes eight horses, harnessed in the most curious manner, they are fastened to the remaining three in front, with traces so long, to drag upon the ground, bear upon their shoulders pack-saddles, covered with cloth, and armed with tal, branching out on each side. Their heads are with blue and red tassels, and a string of bells, a most fantastic appearance, generally is of the most ordinary kind, made of leather, and pressed contrast to the burnished, an English coach. A pair of his long boots frequently reaching above the near horse behind, giving more by dint of his long cords which serve to restrain him from the inclement er, he often wears the mail, with the hairy trim, him a savage aspect. He has an agent called a groom, who is an impolite, seating himself in good throne aloft, and directing movements of the coach, charge is committed to the passengers, as well as and he relieves them from paying a fee to the end of every stage as the inns, it is his province the table, and in short accommodation and fare.

Comfortably seated in the partition of such an English coach, I was surprised to find the interior of London, made a sort of gate of Calais, by Omer, Gravelines, and burbs of St. Pierre, a Nioulay, thus commerce in France under circumstances, since a wind and rain render keep the windows of ed. A peep through circumscribed horizon that we were entering descending smooth, of moderate elevation, without fences, bleak a sparse population.

The road between has for the greater been macadamized; might be good in season, it was extremely Diligence lumbered baggage-wagon, as English coach in speed. Fortunately it was the multifarious and measuring roads in France with much accuracy.